

# Kentucky Gazette.

"True to his charge—he comes, the Herald of a noisy world; News from all nations, lumbering at his back."

D. BRADFORD, Editor.

LEXINGTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 17, 1835.

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FOR THE KENTUCKY GAZETTE.

TO E—

Oh Lady! how I leave the land,  
The heavenly land that gave thee birth;  
And with thee every link of mine,  
That's banish'd from thy scenes of mirth?

I view my parting hour with dread;  
Divided by the dark blue main,  
Many seasons will roll o'er,  
Ere I shall see thy face again.

Divided 'tis by land and sea,  
My thoughts will never stray,  
Time tempests love, but not removers,  
Thou' the object's far away.

Lady! sometimes think of him  
Who wears thine image in his heart,  
And since thy heart I cannot claim,  
Believe me what I am, thy friend.

By day or night—in weal or woe,  
My heart no longer lies,  
Must bear the love it cannot show,  
And silent, ache for thee.

A tender hearted wife—A broken hearted woman, as she calls herself—Mrs. Laura Hunt, of Broadland, Montgomery county, N. Y. notifies the public through the *Amsterdam Intelligencer*, that her husband, Josiah Hunt, has left her bed and board, and strayed to parts unknown; and she forbids all girls, old maids and widows, to meddle with, or marry him on penalty of the law. She also earnestly entreats all editors "through the world" to lay the foregoing information before their readers. Mrs. Hunt will please to perceive that we have complied with her request.—(Courier Enquirer.)

And we too.—(N. Y. Transcript.)  
And we three.—(Cin. Mirror.)  
And we four.—(Standard.)  
And we five.—(Western Methodist.)  
And we six.—(Zion's Herald.)  
And we seven.—(Maine Free Press.)  
And we eight.—(Middle's Free Press.)  
And we nine.—(Woodstock Whig.)  
Leave her board and bed! the villain!  
And we ten.—(National Eagle.)

And strayed to parts unknown, the vagabond! and we eleven.—(Albany Adv.)  
And we make up the dozen.—(N. York Adv.)

Not to be outdone in gallantry, and to show Mrs. Hunt how much we deprecate the base act of her *worse* half in leaving her bed and board and straying to parts unknown, we beg permission to make one towards another dozen.—(Sat. Evening Post.)

Peeling ourselves as gallant as our eastern brethren, "the knights of the goose quill," we show our sympathy for the forlorn Mrs. Hunt, by making the second in the new dozen.—(Ken. Whig.)

The second! if he's in these parts, he shant "meddle with" our girls, old maids or widows, for we shall put them on their guard, by making the third in the new dozen.—(Maysville Monitor.)

To give the faithless Josiah additional assurance that,

"Though wander east, or wander west,  
Yet rest, he will not find it;  
Until he learns the wholesome truth,  
And has the sense to mind it."

That the prayers of heart-broken women are not made in vain—and that, however galling the matrimonial halter may be, those who voluntarily put it on, cannot slip it off without trouble—and to spread the above caution, we make four towards another dozen.—(Ky. Sentinel.)

And she "forbids all girls, old maids, and widows, to meddle with, or marry him on penalty of the law"—right old lady; we would too were we you, (Lark.)  
What a *tarnal* shame! The ungrateful, cruel, hard-hearted spouse! We, therefore, to give it a further circulation, make a fifth towards the second dozen.—(Ky. Gazette.)

From the Boston Pearl.

THE WHITE HORSE.

BY A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.  
The cry is still, "They come!"—(Shakespeare.)  
The heavy tramp of the regulars, as their solid columns moved amid the darkness towards Concord, was heard with indignation by the waking inhabitants of the country. The hardy yeoman as he leaped from his pallet and gazed through the window at the passing show, was at first at a loss to conjecture on what errand these well trained warriors had been sent; but instantly recollecting that there was a depository of arms and provisions

at Concord, which the Americans had, at such trouble, collected together, he made no doubt that this strong detachment of the British army had been commissioned to take possession of them. There was something provokingly cruel in the eyes of the Americans, in thus depriving them of the humble means of defence which they had been able to procure; and although they did not immediately form the resolution of drawing the blood of these incendiaries, yet the murmur of disapprobation ran from house to house, until the whole of the surrounding country had been aroused from their pillows, and anxiously awaited the result of their movements. It was in a large building a few miles below Lexington, that a family who had been early made acquainted with the approach of the British hirelings, resided. They were up and doing long before the arrival of the troops. The girls assisted their brothers in putting on their equipments, and the old man saddled the horses for his sons. As these lais were about starting for the purpose of watching the career of the regulars, when they should arrive at Concord, a young man drove swiftly up to the door and bade the volunteers good morning. "Captain Roe!" burst from the lips of all present, save one young and blooming lass, who hung her head, and sighed deeply. This young man was apparently under 30 years of age, of middling stature, and dark eyes, which now gleamed with fire. He spoke a few hasty words, in an under tone, to the armed peasant boys, to which they replied by grasping their firelocks and hastily mounting their steeds. "Not one word has he spoken to me," sighed the pensive girl. Quick as thought, the young Captain sprang to the ground, and giving her a hearty embrace, promised to be with her in a few hours. No answer was returned by the desponding fair one, but she clenched her hands and raised her pallid face to Heaven, as if engaged in inward prayer. There she stood in statue-like silence until the sound of the departing horses' hoofs had died away.—Then turning to her mother, who had remained at her side, she softly said, "I shall never see him more!"

"Foolish girl," answered the old lady, in a tone that trembled while it chid, "do you suppose that Capt. Roe intends to attack the British army with a handful of ploughboys? There will be no fighting depend upon it."

But the sound of approaching horsemen driving swiftly along the by-paths and the main road, convinced the trembling girl, that the number was not small who were already up in arms for the defence of their rights, their hearth stones, and their liberties. The two females shrank into the house, oppressed by feelings strange and new.

The young men, with Captain Roe at their head, drove off towards Lexington, and hid in a barn on the road side, at the distance of two miles from that village. Here were already assembled about forty youths, whose lack of equipments and un military bearing was compensated by sturdy limbs, hard, embrowned visages, and sinewy arms.

"Now my dear fellows," said Roe, in a hasty, but not an agitated tone, "we are strong enough to march. We shall be joined by others. The Cambridge boys are wide awake, and have gone to Concord already; and I have seen some old men galloping out to enjoy the morning air. The country is rising all around us."

The rude volunteers gave three loud cheers, and at once formed in marching order. The little band struck out into the high road, but before they had reached Lexington, were obliged to turn into a byway, as the rapid advance of the British endangered their safety. Having arrived at Lexington, Captain Roe called his men to a halt, and besought them sooner to sell their lives than be driven from the position they had taken. The charge appeared to be needless, as they had no intention of firing upon the enemy, and it was not to be expected that the regular troops would assault unoffending men. While this little company was resting behind the village church, many squads of Americans dashed by them, on their way to Concord, but Captain Roe maintained his position with the view of harassing the enemy if they should attempt any violence to the village. Just as the morning dawned, the heavy tramp of men was heard by the little band, and in a moment afterward the British commander wheeled his steed upon the plain where they stood, and waving his sword, commanded them to throw down their arms and disperse. The Americans were not fast in acknowledging the authority of the epauletted captain, and in an instant, a shower of British balls cut down nearly half of the little company, and put the rest to flight. Capt. Roe was among the slain. The women and children of Lexington fled from their houses over the hills, filling the air with their screams.—There was an old man by the name of Hezekiah Wyman, the window of whose house overlooked the ground where these murders were committed; and no sooner did he see his brave countrymen fall, than

he inwardly devoted himself to revenge the unhallowed slaughter.

"Wife," said he, "is there not an old gun barrel, somewhere in the garret?"

"I believe there was," said she, "but pray what do you want with it?"

"I would like to see if it is fit for service," replied he, "if I am not mistaken it is good enough to drill a hole through a riglar."

"Mercy on me husband! are you going mad? An old man like you—sixty years old last November—to talk of going to war! I should think you had seen enough of fighting the British already. There lies poor Captain Roe and his men bleeding on the grass before your eyes. What could you do with a gun?"

The man made no reply, but ascended the stairs, and soon returned with a rusty gun-barrel in his hands. In spite of his wife's incessant din, he went to his shop, made a stock for it, and put it in complete order for use. He then saddled a strong white horse, and mounted him. He gave the steed the rein, and directed his course towards Concord. He met the British troops returning, and was not long in perceiving that there was a wasp's nest about their ears. He dashed so close upon the flank of the enemy that his horse's neck was drenched with the spouting blood of the wounded soldiers. Then reining back his snorting steed to reload, he dealt a second death upon the ranks with his never-failing bullet. The tall giant form of the assailant, his grey locks floating on the breeze, and the color of his steed soon distinguished him from the other Americans, and the regulars gave him the name of "Death on the pale horse." A dozen bullets whizzed by his head, when he made the first assault, but undismayed, the old patriot continued to prance his gay steed over the head of the foot soldiers—to do his own business faithfully, in the belief that because others did wrong by firing at him, it would be no excuse for him to do wrong by sparing the hiring bullies of a tyrannical government. At length a vigorous charge of the bayonet drove the old man and the party with which he was acting, far from the main body of the British.—Hezekiah was also out of ammunition, and was compelled to pick up some on the road, before he could return to the charge. He then came on again and picked off an officer, by sending a slug through his royal brains, before he was again driven off. But ever and anon, through the smoke that curled about the flanks of the detachment, could be seen the white horse of the veteran for a moment—the report of his piece was heard, and the sacred person of one of his Majesty's faithful subjects was sure to measure his length on rebel ground. Thus did Hezekiah and his neighbors continue to harass the retreating foe, until the Earl Percy appeared with a thousand fresh troops from Boston. The two detachments of the British were now two thousand strong, and they kept off the Americans with their artillery while they took a hasty meal. No sooner had they again commenced their march, than the powerful white horse was seen careering at full speed over the hills, with the dauntless old Yankee on his back.

"Ha! cried the soldiers, 'there comes that old fellow again, on the white horse! Look out for yourselves, for one of us has got to be a spite of Fate.' And one of them fired for Hezekiah's aim was true, and his principles of economy would not admit of his wasting powder or ball.—Throughout the whole of that bloody road between Lexington and Cambridge, the fatal approaches of the white horseman were dreaded by the trained troops of Britain, and every wound inflicted by Hezekiah needed no repeating. But on reaching Cambridge, the regulars, greatly to their comfort, missed the old man and his horse. They comforted themselves by the conjecture that he had, at length, paid the forfeit of his temerity,—and that his steed had gone home with a bloody bridle, and an empty saddle. Not so. Hezekiah had only lingered for a moment to aid in a plot which had been laid by Anni Cutter, for taking the baggage wagons and their guards. Anni had planted about fifty old rusty muskets under a stone wall, with their muzzles directed towards the road. As the wagons arrived opposite to this battery, the muskets were discharged, and eight horses, together with some soldiers were sent out of existence. The party of soldiers who had the baggage in charge, ran to a pond and plunging their muskets into the water, surrendered themselves to an old woman, called Mother Barberick, who was at that time digging roots in an adjacent field. A party of Americans recaptured the gallant Englishman from Mother Barberick, and placed them in safe keeping. The captives were exceedingly astonished at the suddenness of the attack, and declared that the Yankees would rise up like mosquitoes out of a marsh, and kill them. This *chef d'œuvre* having been concluded, the harassed soldiers were again amazed by the appearance of Hezekiah, whose white horse was conspicuous among the now countless assailants, that sprang from every

hill and ringing dell, copse and wood, through which the bleeding regiment, like a wounded snake, held their toillome way. His fatal aim was taken and a soldier fell at every report of his piece.—Even after the worried troops had entered Charlestown, there was no escape from the deadly bullets of the restless veteran. The appalling white horse would suddenly dash out from a brake, or from behind a rock, and the whizzing of his bullet was the precursor of death.—He followed the enemy to their very boats and then turning his horse's head, returned unharmed to his household.

From the Parlor Magazine.  
THE SEASON.

We are nearly at the close of September—the equinox has taken place—and a change has come upon the weather.—The heat of summer is over, and winter comes with gradual step encroaching more and more, and warning us that his omnipotence will soon triumph. The winds which slept during summer, have now awakened from their apathy, and the gentler zephyrs alarmed at their approach flee to a sunnier and more congenial clime. The verdure fades from the grass and the leaves begin to change color under the approaching influence of autumn. Nature, wearied with the gaudy pomp of summer, prepares to disrobe herself, and rest for a while upon the bosom of winter. A melancholy silence pervades the forest—the gay chirp of the happy birds is gone, the moan of the waterfall is more distinct, and falls with chilling power on the heart; the trees already weep their leaves, and solitude holds a tranquil and soul-ennobling reign. All these changes portray the versatile condition of man: lovely and gay in the spring-time of life, when the young blood rushes in an uncontaminated stream from the spotless heart. Nature, in life's summer when the form is expanded, and the mind's chief energies developed—decaying in autumn when vigor is gone from the intellect, and power from the frame, and the sunset of existence throws its melancholy shadows on the soil—dead in winter, when the blood has become frozen in its fountains, and the wearied body yields to the fetters of the insatiate grave. Yet why repine; why mourn over the faded flowers with which the path of infancy was hestrewed; why regret the buoyancy and thoughtlessness of youth—why bewail the exhausted energies of manhood? The world is still beautiful, and still bright; the same star-bespangled canopy overarches all; the same flowers spring from the earth; the same generous feelings rise from the heart. Let life pass away in pursuance to the inevitable decree of nature, but while its functions can be exercised, let it urge us to admire and envy the thousand lovely scenes by which we are surrounded. Winter is approaching, but the cheerful hearth, and the respected friend can amply atone for the absence of the delights of summer. We can sit by our fireside while the storm howls without, and feel happy in the society of friends—we can talk over those delightful subjects from which our attention is directed during the pageantry of summer; we can return to our school boy days—indulge in reminiscences of the eventful past, and exchange with each other the opinions, hopes, and feelings which years have only served to dignify and confirm. But we are becoming sentimental and dull—our readers are already yawning over our reflections, and wishing for a brighter picture of existence. We can easily gratify them. We can make the exquisite pleased, by reminding him of his dashing pug, his noble horse, and his well lined overcoat—we can delight the fair creatures whom winter serves but to gift with increased amputeness—by picturing to them the romance, poetry, and enjoyment of a sleigh ride by moonlight. The more domesticated will think with increased delight of the enjoyments of home; the cheerful fire, the table loaded with books, and the thoughtless gambols of happy children. Winter is not without its charms—may, some of its defects are admired. The influenza, so notorious, and so much dreaded, is said to render a lady interesting, and she does not hesitate to emit her tiny cough on any occasion, she is so peculiarly fascinating while an invalid. We are a singular being, and although during the heat of summer our ideas are frigid as icicles, we find them now warmed and animated by reflections upon the comforts of winter. Being a bachelor, our task is, in winter, extremely unpleasant. When we are forced to rise in the morning, there is no fire—we probably exhaust our patience, and cut our fingers in kindling one; absolutely increased at the obstinacy of the fire, we change our element, and attempt to wash our hands—the water is frozen. We at length succeed in this and sit down to write—the ink is more solid than our judgment, and more difficult to melt than platinum. In the meantime the "devil" is crying for copy, and at last, with humbled fingers, we scribble our editorials.—Notwithstanding all this, *parado* critics will cavil at our lucubrations, and prate

about their wanting the fire of genius, when probably they were written in a room similar to that in which Chatterton made his doleful exit. Spite of all this, we are determined to remain at our post, and if old winter should become too obtrusive, we will assail him with some of McDonald Clarke's poetry, and if that do not banish him, we will give him up as a fellow of execrable taste. B.

A TRUE TALE.

Some time ago a gentleman was travelling through East Tennessee, and on his journey fell in company with a woman that was travelling the same road, who had an infant with her: and is supposed, from the following circumstances, to have left her own home, in order to rid herself of the stigma which she had brought on herself by her lewd conduct. The gentleman and lady, both being of the same mind, immediately formed a social acquaintance, and passed the afternoon very pleasantly. The woman had an uncommon degree of assurance, which induced the gentleman to propose that they should pass for husband and wife; to which she readily assented.

Accordingly they rode on till evening, when they arrived at a public house, where they proposed to tarry all night. The gentleman called for supper; but that the lady (who used every precaution to keep the child concealed from the view of any one) refused to eat, saying that she was unwell. However, the gentleman made a hearty repast, and excused the woman, saying, my wife is subject to a pain in her stomach, which has deprived her of her food.

Supper being ended, the gentleman desired a bed to be prepared, which being done, they immediately retired to rest.—Some time in the night, the lady eloped from the bed, leaving the infant to the care of her pretended husband. Soon after her departure, the infant missing its mother, began to scream most pitifully, which disturbed the gentleman's repose, and awakened all the people of the house.

At length the landlady got up to see what ailed the child. The gentleman with his adopted infant in his arms, endeavored to quiet it by saying, "hush, my dear; your mamma will soon return again." Little did he think that she had departed to return no more. Her long absence, however, at length excited suspicion in his mind, that its mother would never return.

The landlady proposed taking up the child to see what was the reason of its incessant cries: she approached the bed, and requested the man to give her the child, and tell her whether it was a son or a daughter; but this question redoubled his consternation, as he was entirely ignorant which sex the child belonged to; however, with some difficulty he made the discovery, and informed the landlady it was a son.

She immediately called for a light, which was no sooner brought than the landlady began to unfold the wrapper from the child, and exclaim—"O, what a fine big son you have got." But on a more minute examination, they found to his great astonishment, and to the mortification and vexation of the supposed father, that the child was a *mulatto*!

The wretched man having no excuse to offer, immediately divulged the whole matter without reserve. Immediate search was made for the mother of the child, but in vain. And, as the song says: "One sorrow seldom comes alone,"

to his great consternation and grief, she had taken both horses with her, and left the poor wretch destitute of every thing except a fine *mulatto* boy!

MATTHIAS.

Matthias, the inopositor, liberated from confinement within the last few days, has resumed his old vocation. He made his appearance yesterday at Newark and caused much excitement among the citizens of that place. We advise the scoundrel to avoid this city if he dislikes a coating of tar and feathers. Some of the relatives of his unfortunate victims have expressed their determination, should he cross their path, not to permit him to escape unscathed.—N. Y. Cour.

"There was nothing in his general appearance to excite observation. The only remains of his famous beard are a large pair of whiskers, he was dressed in the bottle green frock coat and pantaloons, in which he occasionally figured in the days of his glory; the only peculiarity being the frogs on the coat instead of buttons. While walking with him in pursuit of his brother, he remarked to Mr. G. that he did not appear to know him, and immediately added that his name was Matthias, thereupon proceeding to insist upon his exalted character. He said he had been abroad, prosecuted and misrepresented, but did not believe any further steps would be taken against him, as the officers intimated nothing of the kind at his discharge. He denied the charge of homicide, seduction, &c. and remarked that Mr. Folger being misled had fallen from the true faith, though he thought he might be brought back. He

was aware of the publications about him, and remarked in reply to a question concerning Col. Stone's memoir, that "it was a money making affair, containing some truth and much falsehood," but which would eventually help forward his cause.

Failing to find the object of his visit, he returned to the railroad, proposing to take the 10 o'clock car for the city. It became generally known in the meantime that he was in town, and crowds collected about him freely giving utterance to the popular feeling. He responded with perfect mildness and self-possession declaring his innocence of the crimes charged, and asserting the high and benevolent objects of his mission.

The excitement against him so increased that Sheriff Robinson, who happened to be present with some of the constables, took him in charge, and conducted him to the bridge, the crowd following on. The car soon appeared and the wretched creature thus escaped without giving occasion for any thing like personal violence. His conversation was in general incoherent and imbecile, exhibiting a mixture of knave and fool."

Remarkable operation.—We have seen, this morning, a young man from Virginia, named Wilson, born deaf, and of course dumb also, whose sense of hearing has been restored, or rather created, by an operation performed by Dr. Webster, of this city. The evidence that he could hear distinctly, was conclusive and satisfactory, although he could utter but one or two intelligible sounds, only three days having elapsed since the operation was performed. He has been educated in the Deaf and Dumb institution, but of necessity, although able to read, and knowing the letters which, being united, represent objects, he has yet to learn the sounds of these letters, and the names of those objects as enunciated in spoken language. The discovery is a most important one, and we shall make farther report of the very interesting case in which it has been established; deeming it more advisable to wait a month or two, for the development of this newly acquired power in Wilson, before we give any detailed account of the case.—N. Y. Commercial.

Curious Outrage.—It is stated in the *last Tribune Press*, that several graves were recently violated in the vicinity of Mr. Dempsey Bryan's in that county, on what was formerly called Phillips' plantation. Mrs. West, an aged lady, had been buried about 10 years; her grave was only partly filled up. Polly Parmenter, had also been buried about 10 years, aged 12; a hole had been dug large enough only to remove the head, and the napkin bound round the head was found at the grave. John Phillips, had been dead about six years, aged 22; his remains were almost entirely removed—only two small finger bones, some hair, part of the winding sheet, and one of the stockings in which he had been buried, were left. There was no clue to the discovery of the perpetrators, at last dates.

Mr. Morris of the Haymarket Theatre, London, has dramatised Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler's Journal for the Stage. He has entitled the piece, "Moll Flaggon's Trip to America."

Mexico.—Intelligence received at New Orleans from Mexico to Aug. 3d, states that the government had given orders for the arrest of Zavala. Several corps of troops are marching to Texas. Austin has set out for Mexico with an understanding that he is to use all his influence to induce Texas to submit to the Dictator. The Chambers and Executive at Mexico are in open opposition, and the Minister Tournel and Commandant Valencia, have written to Santa Anna to repair to the capital. Mexico is in a state of misery. Santa Anna has been obliged to surrender up to the State the Zacatecas mines, which he had made a good speculation of.—N. Y. Star.

How to make the winter pass quick.—Give a note to the Bank for ninety days, and Spring will come as soon as you are prepared for it.

You know our Zack? Well, he comes up from Boston *other* day on the rail road. Zack says as how them are locomotives are real sorters for speed. He told me that he comes so quick, that when they got half way, they heard Wilson in Boston, crying a pocket book lost, and a fellow in Providence at the same time, singing out charcoal! What d'e think o' that, ha?—Providence Jour.

Simple Remedies.—Cotton wool wet with sweet oil and pargerie relieves the ear ache very soon.

Honey and milk is very good for worms—so is strong salt water.

A poultice of wheat bran or rye bran, very soon takes down the inflammation occasioned by a sprain.

Low blackberry leaves made into tea, is extremely beneficial for a sore mouth, occasioned by taking calomel, or from any cause.

NATIONAL NOMINATION!!  
FOR NEXT PRESIDENT,  
**Martin Van Buren,**  
OF NEW YORK.  
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

*From the Missouri Argus.*  
VAN BUREN.

"There was a time when we felt a lurking sentiment of unfriendliness to Mr. Van Buren, a vague, indefinite doubt of his integrity, a suspicion that he sought to attain his object by indirect approaches, and through the mazes of intrigue.— We analyzed this sentiment rigidly, and satisfied ourselves that it could be resolved into unfounded prejudice, created by the bold calumnies of unscrupulous political opponents. We examined Mr. Van Buren's history; all there was open, honorable, patriotic and wise. We scrutinized his conduct; it was manly, ingenious and bold, within the limits of that boundary which separates true courage from rashness. We watched him closely, and we may add, anxiously during a period of political excitement unparalleled in our annals, a season of consternation and delusion which startled peaceful men from their propriety, turned friends into foes, and made the bravest 'hold his breath for a time.' The demeanor of Mr. Van Buren was tranquil, his course decided, he kept the even tenor of his way neither allured to diverge by the prospect of selfish advantage, nor driven into any derivation by the terrors of those evil times. We assure the Richmond Whig, in all candor and sincerity, that the vague prejudices which we once entertained, have been wholly dissipated by the influence of truth. Mr. Van Buren has our confidence and respect. We hailed his nomination with great joy. We support him with undiminished zeal. We believe he will be the President of the whole Confederacy, influenced by an equal regard for the constitutional rights and true interests of every member of the fraternal league; and that by his administration, might will be done to weaken that unfelt tie of brotherly feeling and concurrent prosperity, which now holds us together in the most interesting political union which the world has ever beheld."

To a spectator this was a source of peculiar gratification—for it taught him that the young men had not rested satisfied with merely committing to memory the words of the text book, but that they had been accustomed to think for themselves, and had been allowed the high privilege of expressing their sentiments, whether in accordance or against the opinions of the author. This I have since learned is the fact—and also that it is a part of the very able and superior system of education adopted in the Nashville University, not to confine the students to the assertions and opinions of the text book; but on all occasions, to al-

He shortly after, and went home to Ireland, whence they came back to this country, and Finley again entered the service of Mrs. Janeway's family as groom to her son, and has remained in his employment to the present period. Patrick Finley has a brother, James Finley, who lately quarrelled with his wife, and after being liberated from Bridewell, where he was sent for not supporting her, he finally abandoned her and went to New Orleans; leaving his wife in a complete state of destitution. Finding herself abandoned and without any means of support, she applied to her brother-in-law's family for relief, who refused to render her any assistance. Shortly after

**BLANK DEEDS,**  
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Baxter Richard	Ilusbridge Sidney esq
Bainbridge E T	Bushy Gabriella

Kennedy Samuel S	Kerrich James
Kenney Silas M	Kneller George 2
Kenny Capt	

Yidel Robert 2	Young Jack
York Sarah M Miss	Young Charles
Young N D Rev very	Young Samuel A

# LINCOLN.

SATURDAY, OCT. 17, 1835.

**Lexington Races.**—The Fall races, over the Association course, commenced on Wednesday last.

First day, 2 mile heats; 6 horses started—won by Dunn's Columbus Filley, at 3 heats.

Second day, 3 mile heats; 3 horses started—won by S. Burbridge's Caroline Scott, by Archy of Transport, at 2 heats.

Third day, 4 mile heat; 3 horses started—won by S. Burbridge's Rodolph, by Sir Archy of Transport, in 1 heat, and walked the second.

Weather fine, and sport excellent.—Particulars in our next.

**Halley's Comet.**—This eccentric visitor was first noticed here on Friday evening, the 9th inst.

The horses in the carriage of Charlton Hunt, Esq., became frightened on Thursday last, near Lexington, ran off, upset, and broke the carriage, with slight injury to several ladies who were in it; but it is believed, none very severely.

From our latest dates, we perceive there has been a pretty severe fire in Boston, Mass.

Sundry English Lords and Gentlemen have lately visited the United States.—They dined with the Mayor of N. York, on Sunday the 4th of October, and his Honor's Champagne being excellent, charged rather high. On the way to their lodgings, they broke some lamps and windows, and treated some of the citizens rudely. The watch interfered, and succeeded, after a considerable contest, in arresting and committing to the watch-house, until morning, the Marquis of Waterford, Lord John Bessford, and Lord Jollyon; and Col. Dundas, of the Royal Guards. In the morning they were conveyed to Bridewell, where, after some swaggering, and a few knock downs, they were discharged on the intercession of the Mayor.

Hon. Hugh L. White, of Tennessee, was unanimously re-elected to the Senate of the United States, by the Legislature on the 6th inst.

Mr. Guild introduced in the same Legislature, resolutions instructing the Senators to vote for the expunging resolutions of Col. Benton.

The steam boat Heroine, collapsed her boiler on the night of the 4th, on her passage to St. Louis; by which the engineer was killed, three hands badly scalded, and three deck passengers thrown overboard.

The steam boat Black Hawk, ran foul of the Sloop on the 2d inst. and carried away the wheel house and cook room.—Two flat boats in tow of the Black Hawk, were sunk.

The intelligence from Liberia is late, important, and distressing. Collisions between the natives and the settlers had taken place; and the village of Adina was attacked by a large number of the natives and entirely destroyed, with the loss of 37 lives. The natives were preparing to attack the other villages, but the settlers assembled, met and defeated them with great loss.

The Maryland elections have not been entirely heard from. Enough, however, is known, to leave little or no doubt of the election of at least four Van Buren members to Congress.

Maine is decidedly in favour of Van Buren.

In Pennsylvania, the election was held this week. If Wolf and Muglenberg continue on the track, it is very probable Ritner, the Anti-Jackson and Anti-Masonic candidate will succeed as Governor.

**Appointment by the President.**—John Forsythe, Jr., of Alabama, to be Attorney for the Southern District of Alabama, vice John Elliott, dec'd.

The reason assigned by the Governor, for having abandoned the public dinner in Lexington on the 5th of October, to commemorate the battle of the Thames is, that it was ascertained that Gen. Harrison would not be present! Principles and not men, has been the professed motto of that paper on more than one occasion; and the friends of the administration, have been often stigmatised as man worshippers. Under those circumstances, we were rather surprised that the Editors of that paper did not furnish some more plausible apology for the complete failure of their attempt to bolster their ego on that occasion.

## THAMES CELEBRATION.

We give below the proceedings at the celebration of the victory of the Thames, on the 5th inst. Although the weather was extremely unfavorable, a large and highly respectable company assembled from different and distant counties and heartily united in the festivities of the occasion. At about 10 o'clock, Colonel Johnson's approach was announced by the discharge of cannon, and his arrival was greeted by the most enthusiastic shouts of applause from the assembled company. Between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. the company was entertained by the eloquence of Colonel Wall, Col. Victor Morris, Dr. Hawkins, and E. Nuttall, Esq. Their speeches were all, in point of language and delivery, of the first order; and in sentiment, admirably adapted to the occasion. We regret that they have not been handed us for publication. A most sumptuous entertainment was served up in Major Luckett's usual elegant style at 2 o'clock, of which the whole company partook, with the greatest harmony and satisfaction. After the cloth was removed, CAPT. FOWLER of Lexington, one of the patriarchs of democracy in Kentucky, was called to preside, assisted by GEN. McALLA and R. A. FERGUSON, as Vice Presidents. When the toast alluding to Col. Johnson was drunk, and the roar of cannon and unbounded applause from the company, with which it was received, had ceased, he arose and addressed the assembly for nearly an hour in a plain, though eloquent and touching manner. Many of his companions on the battle field of the Thames, were present, and as he referred to their bravery, their toils, and their dangers, and alluded to those who that day fell in freedom's cause and now repose, far from the friends of their boyhood and homes, we saw

The big tear roll  
Down many a manly cheek.

We could not avoid noticing the modesty with which Col. Johnson alluded to any circumstance, which furnished evidence of his own merit; whether of a military or civil character. He ascribed the victory of the Thames to the fearless bravery of his Kentucky associates, and declared that through twenty eight years of service in the general Government, his dearest object, his highest ambition, had been the faithful performance of his duty to those, of whom he ever considered himself but the servant.

At the instance of the committee, Mr. Ferguson addressed Col. Johnson on behalf of the company, in reply, in a speech of about the same length, Mr. F. concluded his remarks to the company, calling their attention to the position in which the Baltimore Convention had placed Mr. Van Buren and Col. Johnson to the democracy of the Republic, and assigning his reasons for not joining their support.

The letters of Generals Desha, Allen, McConnell, and Judge Hickey and Major S. Daviess, were read and received with great applause.

### TOASTS.

**The day we celebrate.**—When Kentucky vainly offered upon the banks of the Thames, a small amount for the outposts at Raisin and Fort Meigs. [Three guns.] *Battle of the Thames.*

**The memory of Washington.**—The President of the U. States—When time shall have collected the agencies of party strife, the name of Andrew Jackson will be recorded among the soldiers and statesmen of his country; as a patriot above suspicion—as a soldier without fear and without reproach—as a statesman of enlarged, comprehensive and liberal views—never to be seduced by selfish motives, and never to be driven by the threats of faction. His name shall shine on the pages of history, ages after the names of party demagogues shall have faded into oblivion. [Three guns.] *And Long Live.*

**The Vice President of the U. States.**—His long career as a public servant has exhibited a bright example of consistent, devoted and talented patriotism; his private life, that of a virtuous and honest man. In war, repressing and debasing the treacherous schemes of blue light federalism—in peace, consolidating and inspiring the phalanx of republicanism. That phalanx will rally around him when called on to exercise the highest right of freemen. [Three guns.]

**Union and Democracy.**—The memory of Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe.

**James Madison.**—A statesman in whom the lovers of liberty throughout the world, are indebted for invaluable services in the cause of human rights.

**Madison's March.**—The sages and soldiers of the Revolution. [In silence.]

**The Union.**—Based upon compromise and compromise—may these proscribed and bankrupt politicians, who sport with its sanctity, be disgraced by the breath of popular indignation.

**Jack's March.**—A new slaughter and death had adorned the battle fields of the north-west with the bones of a noble hero, he had the avenging legions of his countrymen through every obstacle to victory and renown. [Three guns.]

**Col. Richard M. Johnson.**—The chief living warrior of the U. States—his long and useful and invaluable career as a statesman and a public servant, have stamped an indelible impression of gratitude upon the hearts of his countrymen. [Three guns and cannon appearance.]

**Battle of the Thames.**—Who at the head of a band of not more than thirty gallantly charged and captured a superior force of British veterans, flanked with artillery. His while career has proved that the most available modesty in private life, may be combined with the most lion-like courage in the field of battle.

**The memory of Commodore Perry.**—Whose brilliant achievements on Lake Erie, was the bright precursor of that decisive victory which closed with renown the last campaign of the North.

**Perry's Victory.**—The Representative system of Government.—The pride and glory of America, and the palladium of her liberty—may it never be overthrown or abolished.

**The Hon. Thos. H. Benton.**—A pure and a great representative of the democracy, a great and a brave warrior in his fields, and a debater; a tower of strength to his friends, and a terror to his enemies. He has stood firm and unshaken, while many others of high promise have fallen to rise no more. His disinterested services will be remembered by all true republicans.

**The Hon. Edward Livingston, late Minister to France.**—His letter to the Duke de Broglie, contains a true exposition of the principles which will hereafter govern the intercourse between the Executive branch of our Government and foreign nations. It is the only explanation which should be given in reply to the French bill of indemnity.

**Rejection by a Bank-bought senatorial far-**

**tion.**—A sure indication of privy of principle, and of the high road to popular favor.

**The Postmaster General.**—He will fearlessly and honestly discharge the duties of his station, regardless of sectional proscription and party violence.

**VOLUNTEERS.**—By John Fowler, Esq., of Lexington, President of the day.

**Colonel R. M. Johnson.**—The brave received in defence of his country's rights, speak more than volumes in his favor. His services as a statesman are on well known to be generated or obliterated.

**By John M. McCalla, of Lexington.**—The Hon. Wm. P. Barry.—The object of confidence and affection to all who know his worth; and of admiration to all who can appreciate exalted talents. May he be restored to health and strength to spend the evening of his days in his native country.

**By Daniel Bradford, Esq., of Lexington.**—The memory of Joseph Hamilton Daviess.—To whose vigil, the army at Tippecanoe mainly owed its safety.

**Sent by John Parker, Esq., a soldier of the revolution.**—When General Harrison hesitated to pursue the enemy who had fled before him, our old war-governor Shelby, declared that he could overtake them. With Johnson's regiment and the other equally brave Kentuckians, he started in pursuit, he overtook the enemy and obtained a great victory.

**By Colonel Henry C. Payne, of Fayette.**—The Constitution of the United States.—A system of checks and balances; may the check always be put in the right place, and the balance be perpetually preserved.

**By R. A. Ferguson.**—The United States Bank.—The mother of political prostitution, with a prodigious daughter (a branch) in each State. Stunt her in the blackness of her own iniquity; sink her deeply in the grave which popular indignation has prepared for her, with the addition of her own iniquity; cover her with her own prodigies and shame; and may God forbid that the troops of Bank-Whig ascendancy shall ever rise in her resurrection. [Twenty four cheers and three guns.] *Dead March.*

**By E. F. Nuttall, Esq., of New Castle.**—The Hon. Martin Van Buren.—If magic consists in the assembly which virtue has over vice; political honesty over political dishonesty; and patriotism over avarice in hostility, and an unimpeachable record in the principles of civil liberty; then, in the language of his enemies, he is a great "magician."

**By W. D. Mitchell, Esq., of Oakland.**—The memory of the brave men who fell at the Battle of the Thames, and erected an enduring monument in Kentucky chivalry.

**By A. B. Morton, of Fayette.**—William H. Harrison.—His attempt at self elevation, reminds us of Herod's mode of ascending a rope attached from the bottom of the stage to the gallery; at one moment we admire the skill of the performer, and the next tremble for his fate, lest the audacity of his attempts should turn his head or break his neck.

**By William A. Daniel, of Jessamine.**—The officers and soldiers of the revolutionary and late wars.—Does not the blush of indignation tinge your cheek, to see your fellow soldier traduced and slandered?

**By John A. Leggett, of Georgetown.**—Webster, White, and Harrison.—Like the Titans that had but one cause between them; they have all burnt their fingers in the scramble, who shall have it.

**By James Russell, of Simpsonville.**—Major Blood Ballant.—A soldier worthy of Kentucky; whose fire of patriotism has not been cooled by the frost of 70 winters.

**By Thomas B. Dillon, of Owen County.**—Andrew Jackson, President of the U. States, and the present patriot.—He has abundantly and magnanimously filled the measure of his country's glory. He has preserved our government from an irretrievable downfall. May his successor be Martin Van Buren, with Col. Richard M. Johnson at his right hand, to sustain his principles, and perpetuate our rights, our liberties and our power.

**By D. Vandevier, of Georgetown.**—James Madison.—Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States; according to the "Whig" tactics of the present day, he is entitled to be named the Hero of the Thames, as Harrison, Shelby and others, were but his subalterns.

**By William T. McConnell.**—Disappointed ambition, the worst foe to our free institutions—the republican democracy their only sure support.

**By R. A. Ferguson.**—The Hon. Martin Van Buren.—His magic is his magnanimity, under the unobscured stain of relentless persecution; his integrity is his honesty contrasted with the duplicity and puffery of his bank bought persecutors; his most degrading crime, is his spreading popularity; his most disgraceful inconsistency, is his unimpeachable integrity, and his most odious characteristics are his profound sagacity, and transcendent ability!

**The manner in which this toast was received.**—In our judgment, furnishes an index to the opinions of the Kentucky democracy, in relation to the state and unmeaning charges, made against Mr. Van Buren, by the bank presses, and petty rivaling neighborhood politicians. The sentiment was received with a tremendous burst of applause, which was loud and longly repeated; not less than three cheers, was heard from a hundred voices. A second reading of the sentiment was called for, and again it was received with the most unbounded cheering and applause. —Committee of Toasts.]

**A Volunteer.**—Major William Chisley of New Orleans.—A gallant soldier, who served during the war as Aid-de-camp to Gen. Harrison.

**By Major William Chisley, of New Orleans.**—The services of the Patriot Band at the battle of the Thames.—The Spartan band of America; honoring the memory of those who fell.

**By C. W. Chitt, of Lexington.**—General Harrison.—If he had Governor Shelby to plan, and Col. R. M. Johnson to execute; he might, per adventure, pass for an American General; but even then, Kentucky would like to choose their Commander in Chief.

**By F. McCalla, of Lexington.**—Charles Clark, of Lexington.—His spirit has followed those of his brethren, in the devotion to the cause of liberty in the times that trial men's souls, should ever be engraven in the hearts of all true republicans.

**By C. W. Chitt, of Lexington.**—William T. Barry.—A patriot, philanthropist, jurist, and Statesman; his virtues political enemies respect him. He has our best wishes, and though absent, his memory is dear to his friends.

**By a guest.**—The Hon. Thomas H. Hickey.—A profound jurist, a sound democrat, and a fearless and able supporter of Martin Van Buren and Richard M. Johnson, the insoucious of jealousy to the contrary notwithstanding.

**By John Richmond, Esq.**—The Union, the Alpha and Omega of the political creed of every American patriot.

**By Thomas J. Pew.**—Colonel William J. Worth, of Albany, twice breveted on the field of battle during the last war; he is worthy of the title of companion in arms; to our Jacksons, our Johnsons, our Ripleys, and our Scotts.

The following correspondence passed between the committee and Col. Johnson.

Sir:—Pursuant to instruction from the source of our appointment as a Committee, to carry into effect the wishes of the Democratic citizens of Franklin, Woodford, Scott, Anderson, Owen and Fayette counties, we respectfully invite you to partake of a public entertainment, to be given at Maj. Luckett's, near the Forks of Elkhorn, on the 5th October next, in commemoration of the victory achieved by the MOUNTED KENTUCKY VOLUNTEERS.

Understood from Governor Shelby in that conversation, that he had, or would commence a correspondence with the Secretary at War upon the subject, and asked me if the enterprise was permitted by the President, might he expect my assistance; I assured him he might. He succeeded in obtaining the sanction of the President to commence the enterprise. The hero of King's Mountain sounded the tocsin, and the brave sons of Kentucky moved like a stream to his banner. I received a letter from him, dated, Frankfort, July 31st, 1813, in which he says:—I write you, my good sir, to exert your influence to bring into the field as many mounted volunteers as you can.

I met him with 220 volunteers raised from my brigade, on the 31st of August 1813, at New Port, according to appointment. He handed me a Brigadier's commission, and ordered me on to Mad River, where he intended to organize the army. At this place the army was organized—five Brigades had flocked to his standard, and were under marching orders immediately.

UNDER YOUR COMMAND, on the 5th of October, 1813. Accept from your Republic fellow citizens whom we have the honor to represent, and from us individually, assurances of sincere attachment and unqualified respect.

Respectfully, your obedient servants,  
B. B. JOHNSON,  
LEWIS SAKNERS, JR.,  
JOHN BUFORD,  
ALEX. R. DUFEY,  
R. A. FERGUSON,  
Hon. R. M. JOHNSON.

**Great Crossings, Sept. 24th, 1835.**—Gentlemen:—Your favor of the 23d, inviting me to partake of a public festival to be given in commemoration of the battle of the Thames, I have received. In reply, I have to say, that I could not decline the invitation, with which I have been honored by so numerous a portion of my fellow citizens, without doing injustice to those feelings and emotions, which your letter, and the associations of the event you refer to, have excited. I shall therefore, do myself the pleasure of being with you on the 5th of October. Accept gentlemen for those whom you represent, and for yourselves individually, my most grateful acknowledgments for the honor you have conferred upon me, and believe me to be, with great respect, your sincere friend and obedient servant,

R. M. JOHNSON.

**GEN. DESHA'S LETTER.**—CYNTHIANA, Sept. 30th, 1835.

Gentlemen:—Your letter of invitation, wishing me to participate in the festival of the 5th of October next, to be given in commemoration of the victory achieved by Kentucky Arms, at the river Thames, on the 5th October, 1813, has been received. Owing to previous engagements, it will be out of my power to attend and partake with you on that day. And I regret it extremely, as it deprives me of the pleasure of being with you, and the satisfaction of taking by the hand, a number of my old friends and fellow soldiers. Also, of the wish to do honor to the name of the man, who urged a pursuit of the enemy, and who commanded the Kentucky troops, by whose valor that signal victory was obtained over the combined forces of the British and their savage allies.

I have the honor to be, respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOSEPH DESHA.

**Isaac Shelby.**—Who urged the pursuit of Proctor's army, by which the Kentuckians obtained a signal victory over the combined forces of the British and Indians. May his memory last as long as the water of the Thames continues to run.

J. D.

**GEN. ALLEN'S LETTER.**—GREENSBURG, KY., Sept. 1835.

Gentlemen:—Your kind letter containing an invitation to attend the celebration of the Battle of the Thames, on the 5th of Oct., I have duly received. I am sorry to inform you, that circumstances which I cannot control, will deny me the pleasure of a compliance with the invitation. This I regret the more, because it would be most gratifying to my feelings, to meet and take by the hand, many of my old friends, who will be with you on that occasion. But as I cannot attend personally, permit me, with my compliments to the company and your distinguished guests, to transmit to you a sentiment to represent me, prefaced by a few remarks.

The situation of our North western frontier, before Shelby's campaign into Upper Canada in 1813, is too well known to require any detailed account. Our disgraceful defeat at Fort Meigs, and the massacre of our brave little band by a greatly superior force of savages and worse than savage enemies, at the River Raisin had greatly emboldened the enemy.

When some of our brave sons of Kentucky were butchered in cold blood by a relentless enemy. A general gloom overspread Kentucky, and mourning was heard through the land.

The brave hearts were roused—the patriot could no longer remain idle. It could not be expected that a Shelby, on such an occasion, could remain inactive. He had suggested to me in Frankfort, the propriety of invading Upper Canada with an overwhelming force; giving it as his opinion, that our north-western frontier would not enjoy peace until it was done. Detroit had been shamefully surrendered to the enemy, thereby giving to the savages almost an uncontrolled license to murder our border brethren, women and children.

I understood from Governor Shelby in that conversation, that he had, or would commence a correspondence with the Secretary at War upon the subject, and asked me if the enterprise was permitted by the President, might he expect my assistance; I assured him he might. He succeeded in obtaining the sanction of the President to commence the enterprise. The hero of King's Mountain sounded the tocsin, and the brave sons of Kentucky moved like a stream to his banner. I received a letter from him, dated, Frankfort, July 31st, 1813, in which he says:—I write you, my good sir, to exert your influence to bring into the field as many mounted volunteers as you can.

I met him with 220 volunteers raised from my brigade, on the 31st of August 1813, at New Port, according to appointment. He handed me a Brigadier's commission, and ordered me on to Mad River, where he intended to organize the army. At this place the army was organized—five Brigades had flocked to his standard, and were under marching orders immediately.

Within a few miles of the Lake, the glorious news of Perry's triumph upon Lake Erie, met us; this gave new life and vigor to the army. We arrived at the Lake as Perry was landing the prisoners.

The army embarked and crossed the Lake, landed and marched upon Malden—we only arrived in time to see Maiden smoking in her ruins. The enemy had set fire to the fort and fled.

When the army arrived at Amherstburg, a small distance above Malden, I heard some muttering and complaining, but the army would not be permitted to pursue the flying enemy. These fears I have no doubt arose from the great wear of time after we arrived at the Lake.—The army lay upon Bass Island three or four days, upon the Middle Sister about a day.

When the army arrived at Sandwich, the soldiers had become clamorous in consequence of delay. Two days had been consumed in marching from Amherstburg to Sandwich, a distance of about eighteen or twenty miles, and was then lying at Sandwich for no cause that was known.

I hope I may be permitted to make a statement of what transpired at Amherstburg—it exhibits a scene characteristic of the individual, so well known as the Hero of King's Mountain, which will not be uninteresting to those who wish every occurrence should be known, calculated to place the character of a distinguished individual in its true light.

At Amherstburg, the Governor and his General Officers were very formally called to a Council of War. In a short time we convened in Proctor's house, as I was told, in solemn council, and to my surprise it was to determine whether an army of Kentucky volunteers were to return home and disgrace themselves, or whether they should pursue the enemy under an attempt was made to work up insurmountable obstacles; at least six obstacles, as well as I recollect, were fabricated and exhibited to the council.

1st. The enemy had taken all the good horses out of the country.

2d. The enemy had the start of us and the scout was cold.

3d. That provisions were scarce.

4th. That the men had not been accustomed to hard marching.

5th. That the enemy could move their troops with much facility.

6th. That it was very probable, a reinforcement would be sent from Burlington Heights to meet the retreating army.

And upon these objections to an immediate pursuit, made important by the source from whence they flow, we were about to sit in "cold debate," while the enemy were but a little ahead of us, and gaining distance every hour. I saw in the countenance of the old hero, a manifest impatience. It seems to me before the question was fairly put—He bounced upon his feet and exclaimed, we will go—we will go—His officers all did the same.

Before he left the room he ordered to prepare for march immediately, and superadded, that the General Officer, who was first in readiness, take the front.

With the brave Col. Johnson and his mounted riflemen on our front on flank, we had nothing to fear from surprise. Within four days we overtook the enemy on the Bank of the Thames, when I saw the gallantry of a Shelby, a Johnson, and a Desha. I saw Shelby, without a body guard, brandishing his sword over his head, and exclaiming "Huzza my Brave Boys"—"You are the boys after my own heart!"—Desha encouraging his men and restoring order—Johnson, I saw on the Battle field in his blood, covered with wounds and with glory.

(THE SENTIMENT.)

Isaac Shelby.—The Hero of King's Mountain, whose influence as a brave officer and patriot, called out five brigades of Kentucky volunteers to relieve our distressed north western frontier, took the command in person while Governor of the State, and thereby furnished an opportunity for the display of Kentucky valor and the chivalry of Col. R. M. Johnson, one of Kentucky's most distinguished, patriotic and meritorious sons.

**GEN. McCONNELL'S LETTER.**—VERMILION, 29th, Sept. 1835.

Gentlemen:—Your letter of the 24th, inst. was this morning received, informing me of your appointment of Marshall's for making arrangements for the celebration of the Battle of the Thames, on the 5th October. The transaction of business with others, on that day, over which I have no control, compels me to say to you, that I will be unable to attend the celebration. It is truly mortifying to me, to be unable to attend at the celebration of so glorious an achievement of American arms in which Kentucky bore so conspicuous a part. Accept for yourselves my thanks, for the honor you have been pleased to confer upon me. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JAS. McCONNELL.

**JUDGE HICKEY'S LETTER.**—LEXINGTON, 3d, Oct. 1835.

Gentlemen: I have had the honor to receive your polite invitation to participate in a festival on the 5th inst., at Maj. Luckett's, near the forks of Elkhorn, in commemoration of the victory of the Thames. During the last war between the United States and Great Britain, there were many sanguinary engagements in which the sons of Kentucky displayed conspicuously the patriotism and intrepidity; but there was none in which they shed so much lustre upon her and upon the nation, as in the memorable battle of the Thames. There were present her Shelby, her Desha, her Trotter, her Allen, and her King, and the

elite of her chivalry, and there was her Johnson, "the bravest of the brave." I regret most sincerely that I cannot attend your celebration. The Fayette Circuit Court is now in session, and the business of the docket is such as to render it impossible for me to leave home. I will, however, send you a sentiment to represent me upon the occasion, in which I trust and believe the whole assemblage will concur with me.

In this sentiment I give to Col. Johnson that title which his country has awarded to him—"the Hero of the Thames." I do not intend thereby (if I could) to strip the commander, or any other individual, of any honor to which he may be justly entitled, nor to imply any censure or disparagement of either. History furnishes many examples of subordinates in battle, who, by their distinguished energy, enterprise and valor, have rushed forward and borne away the palm from all competitors. In such an instance, to manifest jealousy towards a victorious and fortunate brother in arms, or to attempt to wrest his trophy from his grasp, or tear his laurels from his brow, is worse than unworthy of a soldier. Col. Johnson was "the Hero of the Thames" in the sense in which Luman was the hero of Monte Belie, and Davoust the hero of Eckmuhl, where Napoleon commanded in person. There is not a corner of Kentucky, however remote, in which Shelby is not known by his glorious title of the hero of King's Mountain; yet he was not the commander in that action.

The view which I entertain of this subject is simply this, although the commander of an army may discharge all his duties faithfully, and be entitled to all the credit appertaining to his station, and may have originated and determined upon the plan of battle, and directed the movements of every corps, still a subordinate may, by extraordinary activity, bravery and skill, by executing the plan of battle, or in conducting the operations of a corps, become the principal instrument in the achievement of the victory; and, in that event, such subordinate may justly be called the hero of the occasion. History and tradition have satisfied me that the defeat of the British and Indians under Proctor and Tecumseh, was mainly attributable to the bold and invincible prowess of Col. Johnson, and his regiment of Kentucky mounted volunteers.

Therefore, I, as one citizen, award to him that title which he has earned by his army, and by the imminent hazard of his life in the face of British discipline, and savage ferocity.

The sentiment which I wish to be read as my tribute upon the approaching anniversary, is:

Col. Richard M. Johnson.—The Hero of the Thames.—Next to Jackson, the living American citizen most distinguished for his important civil and military services to the country. I have the honor to be, gentlemen, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

THOMAS M. HICKEY.

**MAJOR DAVIESS' LETTER.**—HARRISBURG, Oct. 3d, 1835.

Gentlemen: I am sorry that my engagements in court, will prevent me from having the honor of attending on the 5th inst. the contemplated celebration of a day so important in the History of the late war. I trust that the Honorable Officers and Soldiers, whose gallant conduct contributed so essentially to the Victory of the Thames, will be long and gratefully remembered by their countrymen.

I beg leave to offer the following sentiment:

The free suffrage of the people in the selection of their officers—May that right remain unimpaired, free from the schemes of designing men. I am gentlemen, yours respectfully,

SAML. DAVIESS.

**HUNTSVILLE, Ala. Oct. 1.**

**FIRE.**—The following is an extract from a letter, dated October 4th, to the Postmaster in this place, from the Postmaster in Huntsville:—*Nash. Rep.*

"On account of a most destructive fire and for the reason that the Post Office was in about fifteen cups of it, every thing has been moved out of the office, and we could not make up a mail. There were eight or ten houses burnt."

**MARRIED.**—On Sunday evening last, by Dr. C. W. Cloud, Mr. JAMES PARRS to Miss ANNA AYOUSE.

**DIED.**—In this county, of pulmonary consumption, on Monday last, Mr. JAMES MOORE, printer.

**Cheap Queensware**—(AT COST.)

5 CRATES assorted WARE.—Dinner and Breakfast PLATES, CUPS, and SAUCERS, &c. &c. —Just opened.

1 CASE CHINA TEA SETS, at the low price of \$3. Call and see.

JAMES & BROTHER.

Lexington, Oct 14—41—

**CITY PROPERTY FOR SALE.**

30 VALUABLE BUILDING LOTS, will be sold on Wednesday, 28th of October, inst., at 11 o'clock, a. m. on the premises.

10 LOTS on each side of Constitution st., containing, 50 feet front and extending back 186 feet to an alley of 10 feet. Also,

10 LOTS fronting on Third street 50 feet, and extending back 185 feet to an alley.

The Sale will be made on a credit of one and two years, with interest. Notes with approved security, payable at one of the Banks in Lexington, will be required. The title will be unquestionable.

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